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THE NEW SWEDISH EROTICA 71

Film Review Magazine

T.M.

FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE

Four Sizzling Films!

Starring: the Dusky Desiree

FILM #350: SUPER SECRETARY

FILM #423: INTENSE INTERVIEW

Now that home video tape equipment has become commonplace in this country, popular enough to warrant thousands of stores selling and renting the equipment and tapes, the true taste in entertainment of the American public has become apparent. The latest hit films sell well and at high prices.

But the films most steadily in demand all across America are the products of our own fuck film industry. The giant manufacturers of these electronic marvels are legitimizing us. Except in a few absurdly sheltered and backward areas any well produced and acted fuck film is a demand item at the rental centers.●

FILM #257: PLUCKING GOOD TIME

FILM #307: SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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Number 423

INTENSE INTERVIEW

Since her first day in the modeling game Robin's life had been an absolutely sensational erotic blast. Every fantasy she could imagine had been fulfilled many times over and with countless men, yet it seemed that the more she got in the way of sexual stimulation the more she needed.

Which was one reason why she came on so strong when Kevin dropped by to introduce himself as the photographer assigned to the next fashion show in which Robin was featured. (She had long since graduated from art school modeling and made a name for herself in the fashion arena). The other two reasons were that he was alone with her in her apartment and he was new. She'd never even seen him before, much less fucked him.

"Does my body turn you on?" Robin asked, as soon as Kevin had identified himself. She didn't believe in wasting time.

"Well, sure," said Kevin, determining to be honest as well as professional. "But you can be certain that I won't let that get in the way of my camera work. And I never make passes at the models I work with , it's unprofessional."

"I mean," said Robin, "does the sight of me make you want to put

your big, fat, hard cock into my cunt?"

Kevin's mouth dropped open. He was totally at a loss for words. Not only had no woman ever spoken to him like this, but he had never even imagined the possibility of such a conversation.

Robin didn't give him a chance. "Maybe you're one of those orally inclined men. See my lips? I've been told that they're ripe and full. Does looking at them make you to put your

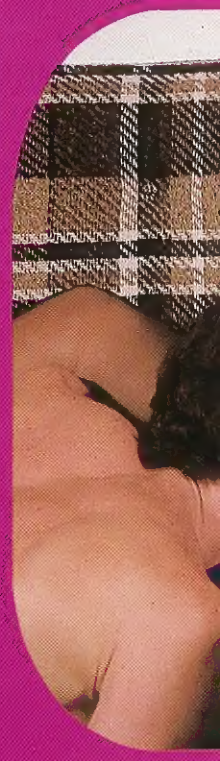
She Sat On Kevin's Rod.

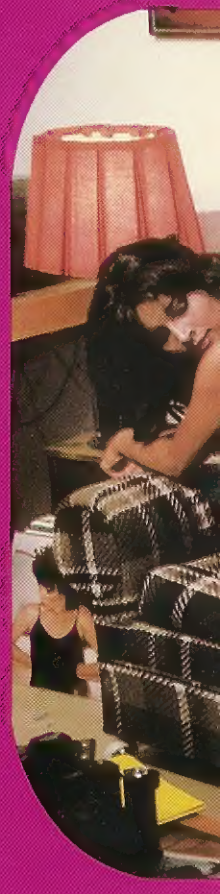
cock in my mouth? Do you want to feel me sucking it in as deep as possible? Do you want to feel my tongue licking you and teeth nibbling at you? Do you want to come in my mouth? What's the matter? Can't you answer. Cat got your tongue?"

"I . . . I . . . I . . ." was the best that Kevin could do.

"Or maybe you're a pussy eater. Lots of men are. I'll bet there's nothing in the world you would rather do than lay with your head between my legs and your mouth on my cunt. Can't you imagine what it will feel like? Your tongue is running slowly up and down my slit, pressing its way in, teasing my clit with every lick. You're holding my squirming body down while I twist and moan and tremble. Think of all the power in your tongue. Imagine, being able to do all that to a young woman like me just by licking a little, insignificant organ. Now tell me, isn't that what you want to do to me?"

There was little human in Kevin's gutteral grunts as he nuzzled his way between her soft thighs. The rich scent of her cunt was thick in his nostrils and he was in full rut.

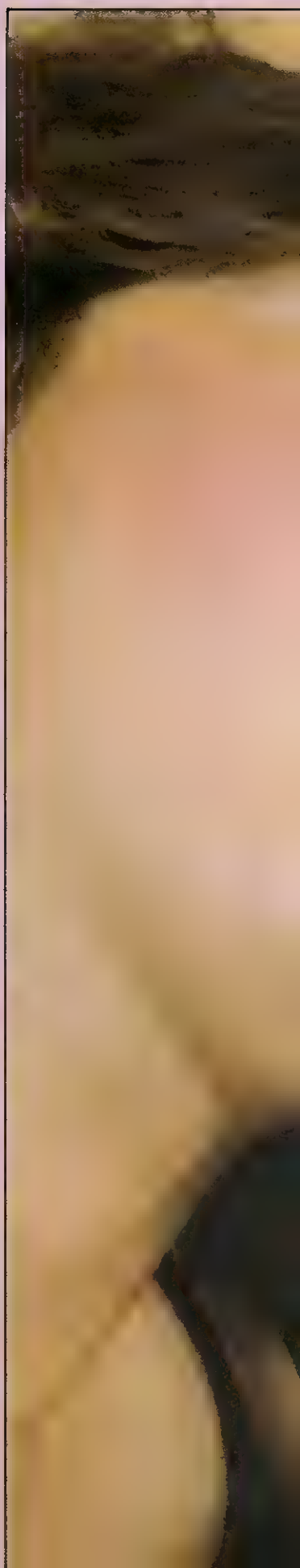




There was no need for further verbal incitement by Robin. She had turned Kevin on as totally as a man could be turned on and she, too, was beginning to lose control of her faculties. His tongue was working on her gloriously and the first orgasm of the afternoon was building toward the explosion point. It came and shuddered through her body, eased, the next began to build.

Robin let him eat her to half a dozen orgasms before she pried his mouth away from her cunt and concentrated her attentions on his equipment. Having a man go down on her was marvelous, but she knew that reciprocation

was both necessary and brought further rewards. Kevin yipped and whimpered as her lips brushed the head of his cock, her tongue flicked out to lick tentatively at it. Then she had the whole front third of his cock in her mouth and was sucking him still deeper while her tongue still worked. She let her teeth close on him, just enough so that he knew they were there and then worked her mouth up and down the length of his shaft with her teeth still in contact. Her free hand felt for his balls and squeezed them ever so gently as she sucked and nibbled. She could feel from the way his balls tightened that his time was nearing and she was fully prepared when he exploded into her mouth. The familiar taste of cum thrilled her just as it had with other men, countless times in the past. The sensation was as rich and exciting each time no matter how often experienced and Robin knew that it would always be thus. Down through the coming dec-



ades, fucking and sucking and being eaten until she was an old, old lady and had to pay for her men.

Kevin's cock had shrunk in her mouth after his orgasm but she had never stopped working it with tongue and lips and now it was rising again, hardening again. Time to put it to use elsewhere.

With Kevin now in a sitting position she slid into his lap and onto him. His cock was huge and it filed her deliciously. Her cunt muscles worked and gripped and relaxed around it, sucked at it as though her cunt were a feeding mouth, nibbled at it with imaginary teeth. There were times when Robin wished that her cunt was really a mouth so that she could eat cock with both ends.

There would be no ass fucking this session. She didn't believe that Kevin would be up to it and there was no point in straining the dear boy. Besides, for the moment this was enough. She was slowly sliding up and down his cock as she nestled in his lap and his mouth was fixed to one of her tits. Her orgasms were coming regularly, beginning to blend together into one continuous sensual feast. But she'd better end it soon. There was the shooting session scheduled and business was business. Afterward, Kevin would be ready again . . . and perhaps he knew a friend he could bring . . .

●

PLUCKING GOOD TIME

F

But John showed up with a banjo in hand, settled himself beside her on the cushions and promptly went into a fingering lesson. Sorely disappointed Flora tried to go along with the gag and follow his instructions, but the fingering she wanted to do concerned his cock, which was a soft bulge inside his pants. How to get that bulge hard? How to get John interested in the right kind of fingering?

John had every intention of putting the meat to Flora but he would do it in his own good time. She was really stepping out of her class in trying to make him and he was going to make her sweat for her supper. Supper, naturally, would be his big cock stuck into her sweet mouth. That was the sort of dish he preferred to feed his women — before the main course. The big dish of the evening had to be his cock in her snatch, the only cavity in her body capable of holding so large a mass of meat.

Flora surprised him. John had intended to torment her for a least an hour with phony lessons (he'd never played a banjo in his life and was totally incapable of giving lessons on it), but she got to him much faster than that. The moment she could manage it her elbow was in his lap, jiggling against his cock as her fingers twanged the strings discordantly. When she put the banjo down for a moment to ask a question her hand

was immediately on his thigh, squeezing and stroking. She would lean forward as she talked to him, exposing to his view a magnificent pair of boobs, nipples already hard.

Even a man as accustomed to women as John Holmes is not immune to

such an approach. Even male laboratory rats become sexually excited in the presence of a new female and Big John Holmes was no rat. He was a splendid specimen of human male with a gargantuan cock that, once awakened, demanded attention and satisfaction. With a lovely young woman rubbing her elbow against it and rapidly fingering his thigh, all John could to was relax and go with the situation.

It took about thirty more seconds to Flora's fingers to wander from John's thigh to his cock, albeit with pants cloth in the way and from the moment all restraint was gone. John peeled her from her clothing like a ripe fruit from its skin and his hands and mouth were all over her.

He ate her like the ripe fruit that she was and proved that his tongue was almost as potent as weapon as his cock when applied to a woman's most sensitive places.

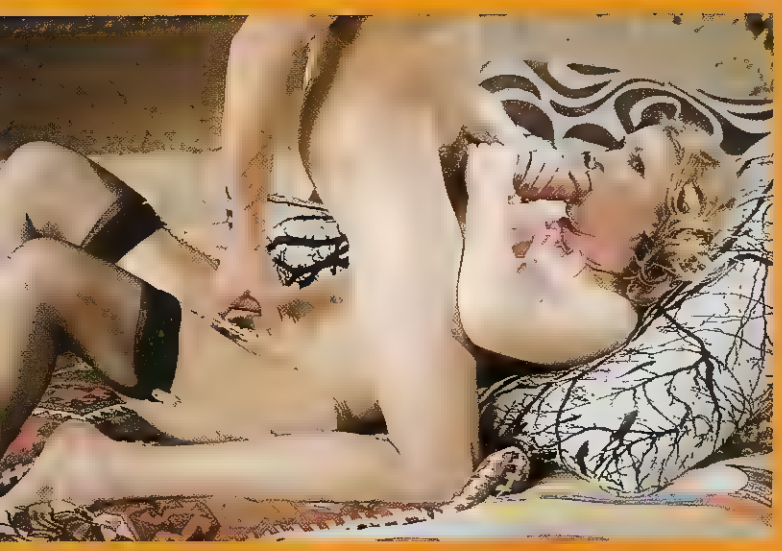
Despite the bulk of John's cock, Flora had to reward him (and herself) with a blow job. If she didn't try to suck him off she'd regret it for the rest of her life.

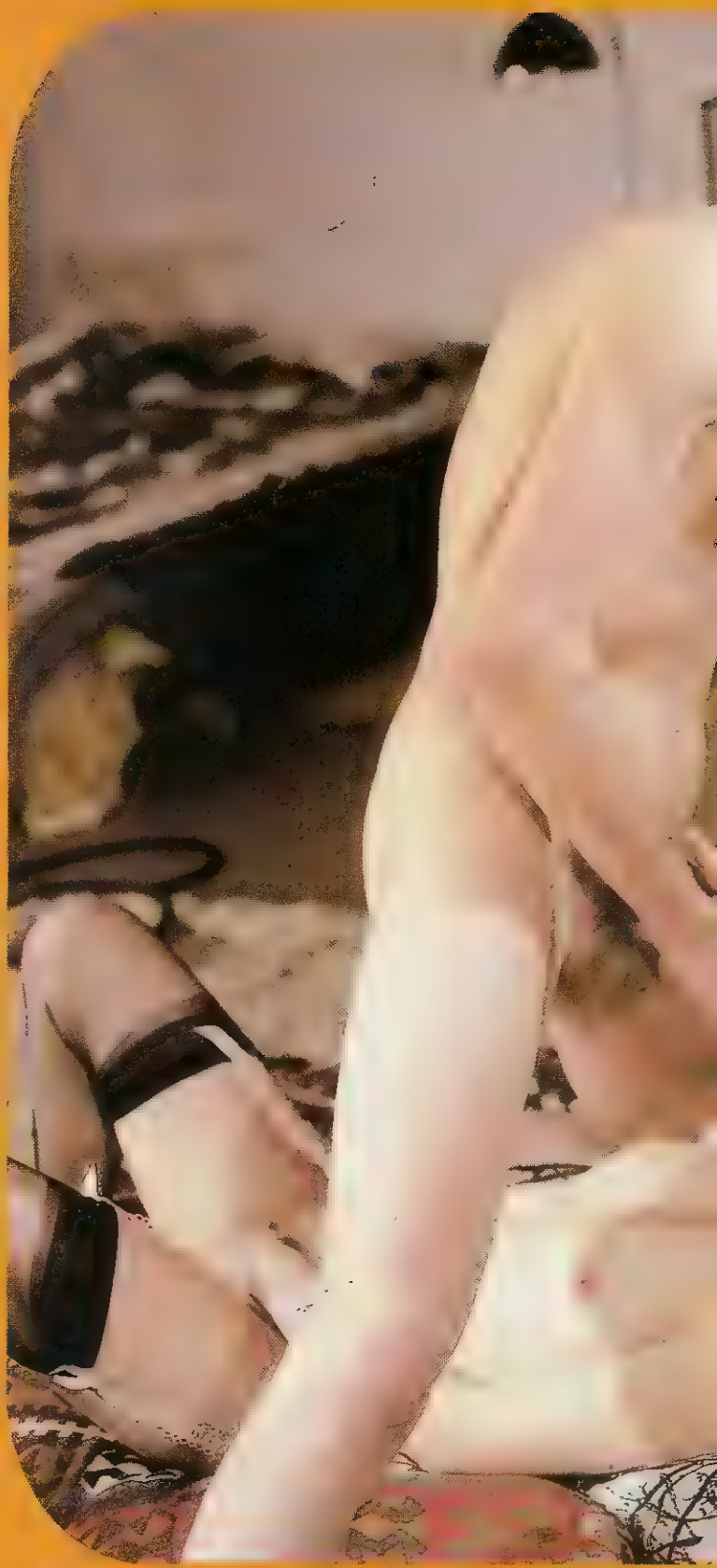
Flora succeeded better than she'd expected to, getting at least two inches past the head of his cock with her lips before she gagged on the bulk of it. Once she had that much of him in her mouth she brought all her resources to bear, including fingernails and teeth technique she took so much pride in.

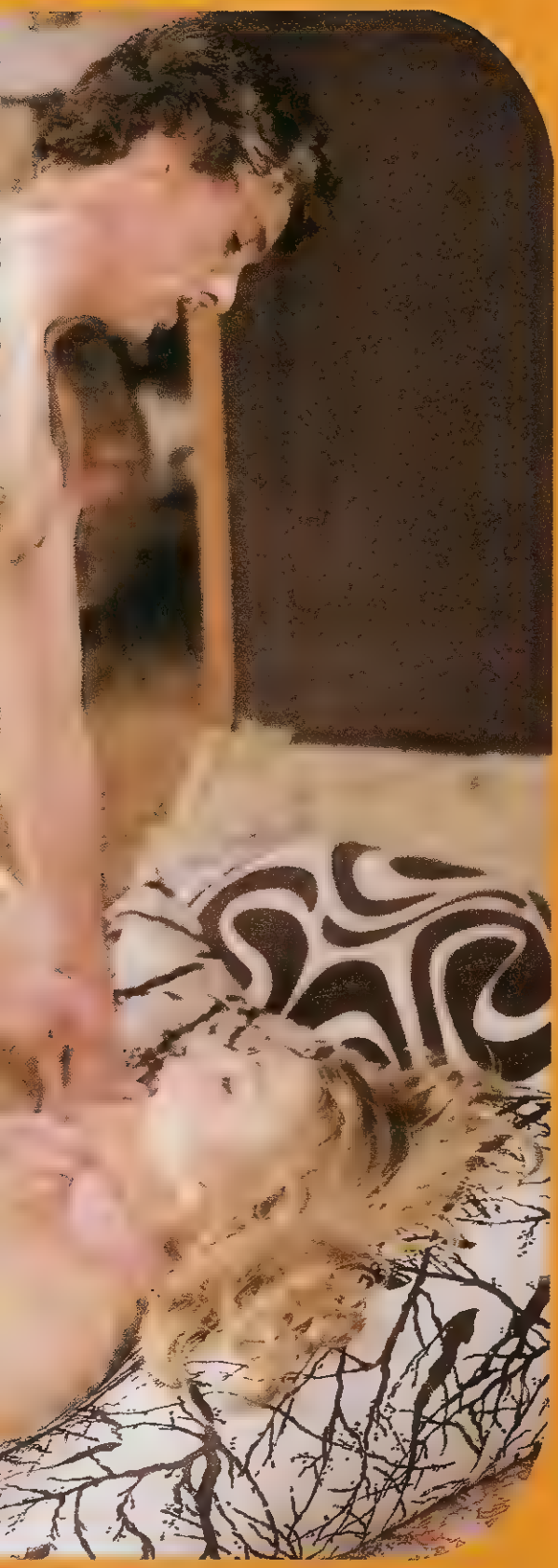
The technique was enough to bring off an explosive orgasm in John and splatter Flora's face with cum when his cock recoiled from her mouth.

Flora was now gasping from her cocksucking efforts and in need of a brief rest but John had been ar[illegible] and he

John Holmes... King of Cock!







immediate and ongoi
Instead of fading it buil
As the pumping begar
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NAKED CAME

Number 350

SUPER SECRETARY

her to bring those papers, tell her that his girlfriend would accept them. And while they'd been fucking, too. He'd almost grunted the words at her over the phone. She'd deliver the papers all right and then she'd quit.

Doris, Ken's girlfriend, was in her robe when she opened the door and one hand was inside, moving suggestively. Sylvia knew at once that she was rubbing her own pussy. And so soon after being fucked? Either she was one hot lady or Ken was a lousy lover. Judging by the way he dithered at the office she judged it was the latter.

"What's the matter honey," she ventured. Ken not enough for you?"

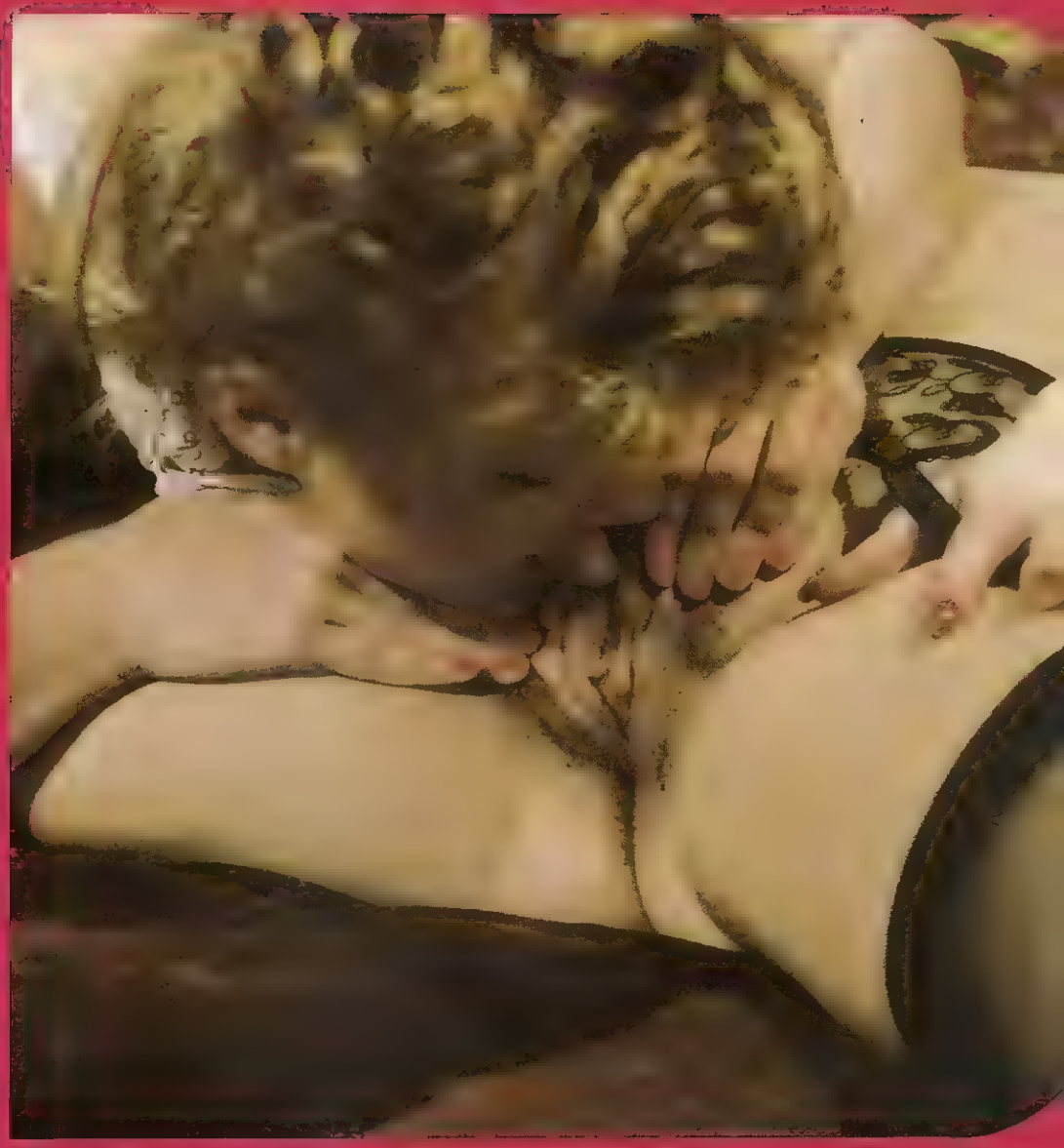
Doris sighed and continued to rub herself. "He's like a lot of studs, quick on the trigger. Talks a good fuck but he can't deliver. There was a glitter in her eyes.

Sylvia didn't wait for any additional invitation. "Maybe I can help," she purred as she began to unbutton her blouse.

She knew she'd made contact when Doris stopped rubbing her own pussy and eased off her robe.

The taste of Ken's cum was fresh in Doris's pussy, but Sylvia didn't mind. She'd licked pussies ripe with cum before, in similar circumstances and it gave her a sense of power to know that she was succeeding where a man had failed only moments before. Doris writhed as Sylvia's tongue worked. She'd

The Women Orgasmed Together.



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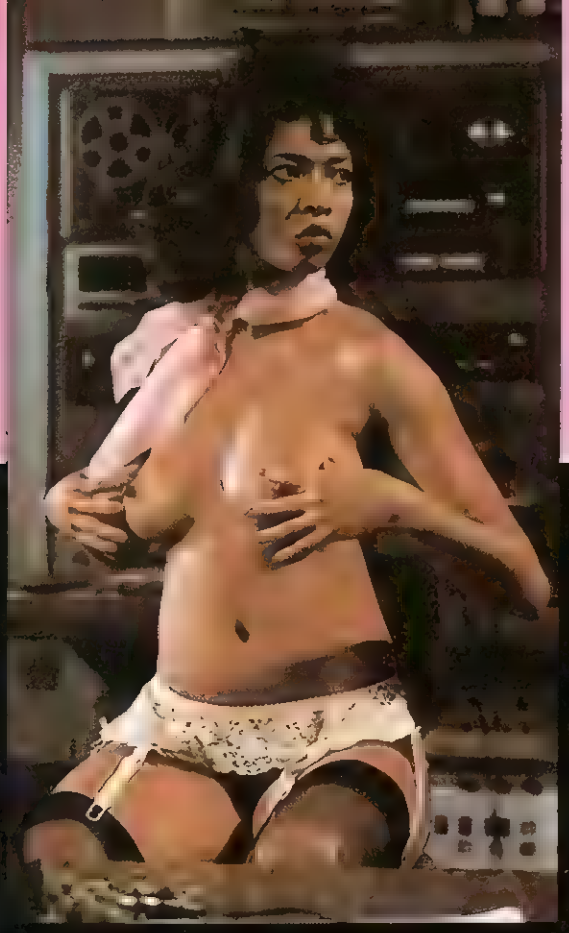
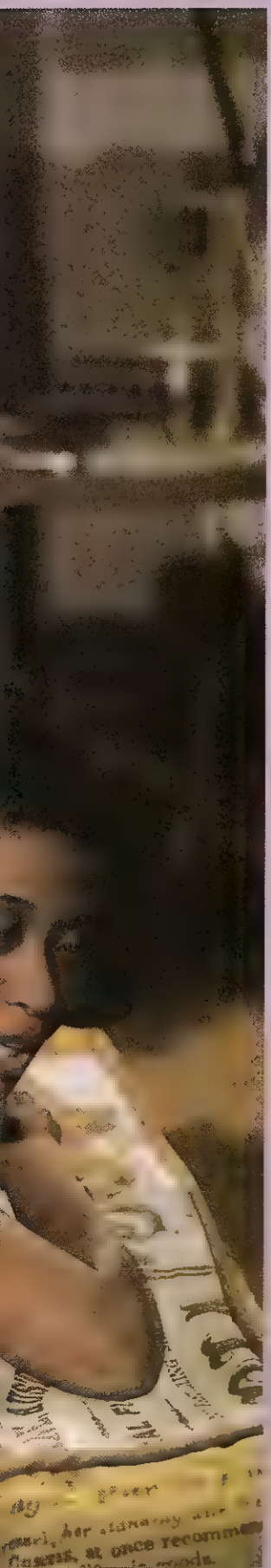


Number 307
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

When the boss of the computer services corporation had hired Desiree he'd been more impressed by her dark loveliness than by her background. She'd just graduated from programming school and had no job credits; all she knew was theory, which she'd never put to practice. But he soon learned that her COBOL was stunning and her FORTRAN packed a mighty punch. He was soon so hot about her BASIC that, despite the lusts her body aroused in him, he was afraid to make any sexual overtures for fear of scaring her off to a competitor. And since Desiree worked the graveyard shift, when almost all likely studs are packing it in with their favorite gals, she soon developed a box that churned with sexual frustration. The job and the salary were great, but what's the good of that if a gal isn't getting any nookie? She hadn't been laid since graduating from school and her pussy was tightening up from lack of exercise. If something good didn't come along soon to exercise her snapper she was going to go nuts. Her finger exercises weren't doing a bit of good and every-

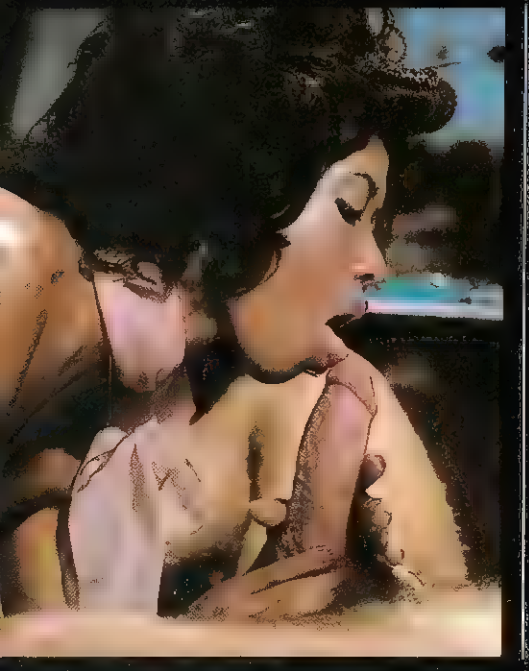
Desiree...Dark, Luscious and Insatiable!

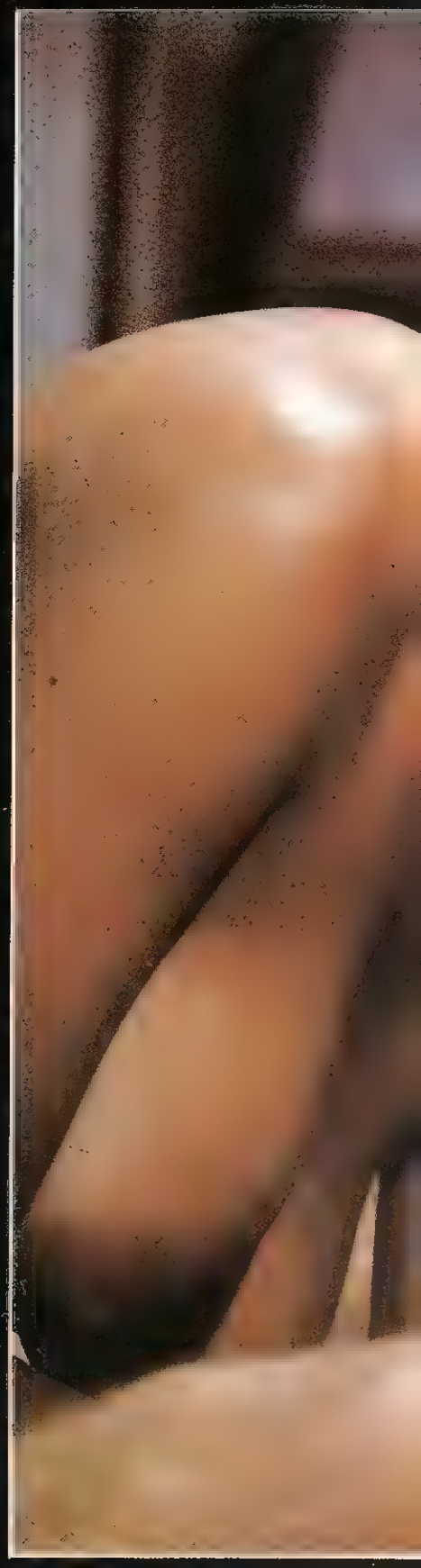


plode. When her turn came to eat she almost bit his cock off, so hungry was she for that long denied satisfaction. She'd almost forgotten how to suck cock and was about to sink her fangs into his juicy meat before she realized what she was doing and remembered that a cock wasn't rare steak. The blow job she gave him, after that, was explosive for both of them.

Of course, he also fucked her. Getting that mighty tool inside her was like a dream come true. Her circuits flickered as avidly as any computer's and her program overloaded.

The repairman, had he listened carefully, would have heard Desiree muttering, "Cock in, cock out. Cock in, cock out." She was giving instructions just as though she were programming one of her machines.



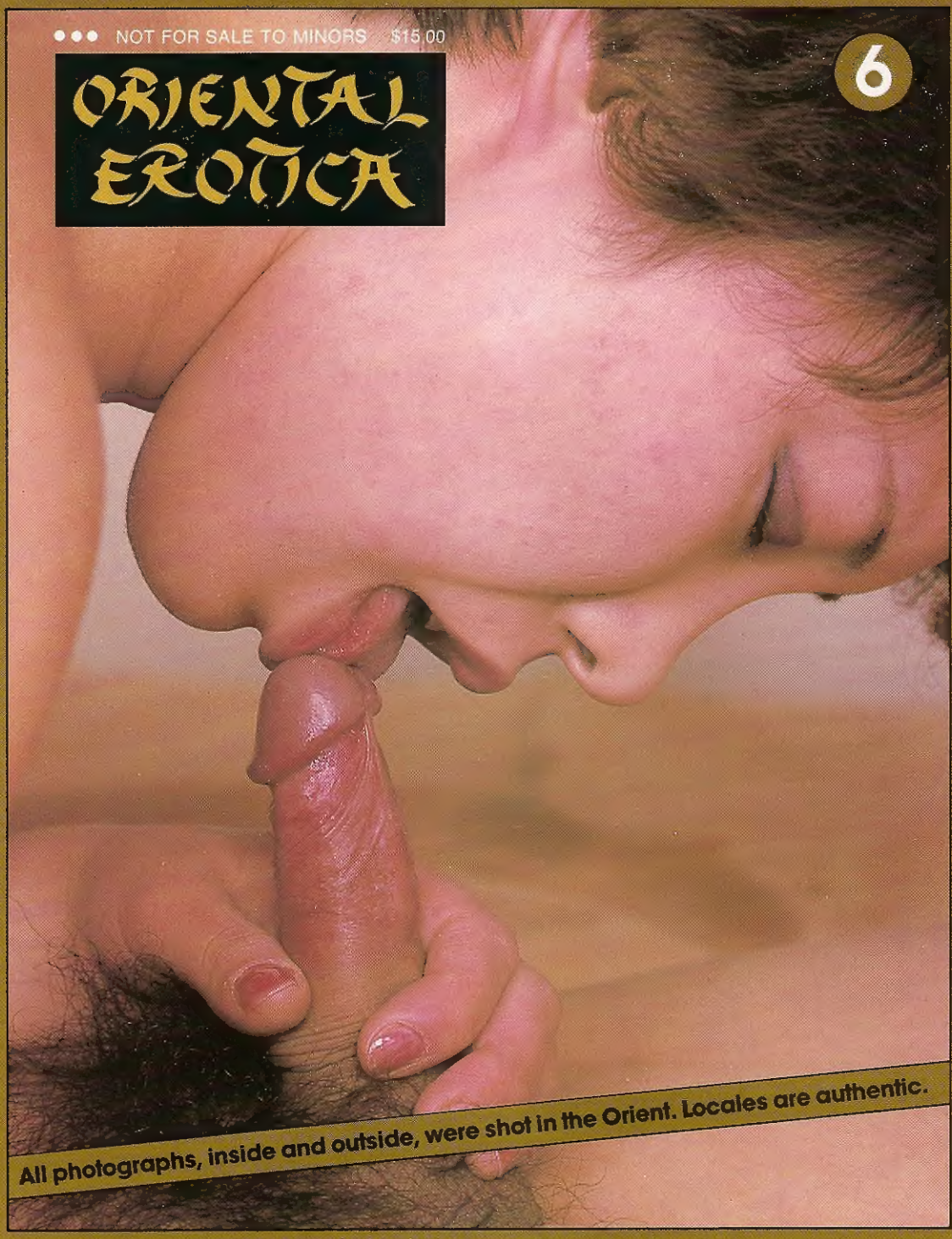


What she was saying may not have been BASIC, but it was basically sound.

Eventually, the repairman did take a few minutes out to fix the machine. Desiree had accidentally kicked its plug from the wall socked in passing. Then he went back to Desiree's socket, which was much more fascinating.

The down time has increased in the programming company where Desiree works and the repairman comes more frequently. So does Desiree, now that she's learned the secret of inserting a little pleasure to her working hours.●

ZEN NUDIST.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